

Hamish wanted to go to the west ridge and ski. He stated he liked it there but I knew in conditions like these would be icy and treacherous. We caught a lift over there and then caught a ride up the West Ridge course on the T-bar lift. The snow was quite icy beneath my board. I had virtually wasted twenty minutes coming over here to the West Ridge to receive the great satisfaction of snowboarding on ice.

We eventually reached the top. The course seemed like a steep icy hill into blank nothingness. Hamish took point because he knew terrain better. He disappeared into the fog so I strapped my bindings and went after him. After about a minute of snowboarding, Hamish came into view. I screeched to a halt.

"What's wrong?", I asked.

"There's a jump at the end of this hill. Are you up for it?", Hamish said.

"Well...", I muttered reluctantly.

"Well what? (Comon, don't be a pussy)", he bleated.

Next thing I knew I was lying on the 10 metres away from the jump in an awkward position. The fact was that the jump had lead me right into an icy cliff face. I had jumped the gap off the ramp but on landing I had controlled straight into a wall of ice. Blood seeped from my cheek. Next time I won't be doing any jumps in the fog. That's for sure.